

Home Mission Echoes

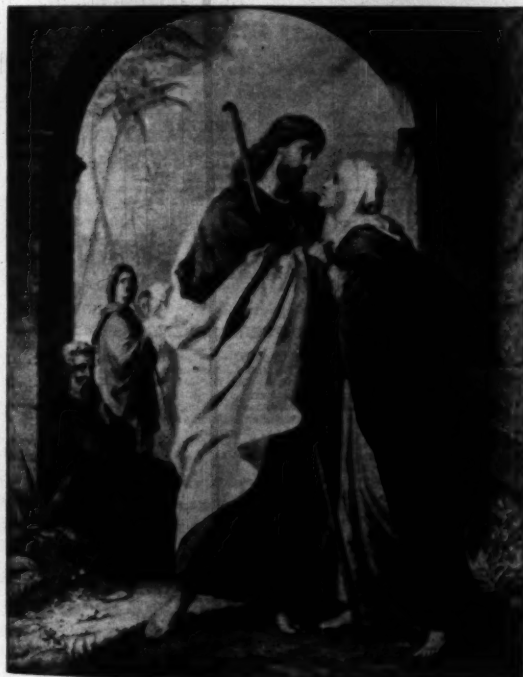
"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers"

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter, Jan. 6, 1897

Vol. X.

MARCH, 1907

No. 3



Christ Greeting His Mother

He Knows

"He knows the bitter, weary way;
He knows the endless striving,
day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls
that pray,
He knows.

"He knows how hard the fight
hath been,
The clouds that came our lives
between,
The wounds the world hath never
seen,
He knows.

"He knows when faint and worn
we sink;
How deep the pain, how near the
brink
Of dark despair we pause and
shrink—
He knows.

"He knows! Oh, thought so full
of bliss!
For though our joy on earth we
miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this—
He knows."

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Cross has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

NOTE THE REMARKABLY LOW TERMS: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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All moneys and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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The picture upon the 13th page of January HOME MISSION ECHOES has a wrong name. Instead of "School Children of Coamo, Porto Rico," it should read "Loyal Temperance Legion of Santiago, Cuba." They are the school children of Miss Elvira G. Gowen, who for seven years was our teacher in Santiago, and who organized the "Loyal Temperance Legion" in that city.

We are glad to announce that Rev. and Mrs. Lee I. Thayer, of Phenix, Arizona, have taken up the work at

DO NOT FORGET THAT

MARCH

is the last month of the fiscal year

We must have at 510 Tremont Temple, large gifts in order to close the year without debt. All money should be sent in checks or money-orders. It is always unsafe to send bills.

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Two Gray Hills, New Mexico. Mr. Thayer is a young man, a graduate of Rochester, and his wife is also a college graduate. These young people have decided to give themselves to mission work in the needy fields of our own land. They know what this work means, as they have given several years to a needy field in Arizona. Doctor Morehouse and Doctor Riardon are much pleased at Mr. Thayer's decision to work among the Navajo Indians, and expect much good to result from their labors. Patchwork and barrels can now be sent to this field as formerly.

Home Mission Echoes.

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. X.

MARCH, 1907

No. 3

Editorial

The Day of Prayer



THE Day of Prayer which was held January 24th, in the Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, was a day long to be remembered. The inclement weather made it impossible for many to attend who are usually with us, but we were surprised at the numbers both in the morning and afternoon. Ladies from No. Hanover, North Scituate, Salem, Lawrence, Foxboro, and Framingham braved the extreme cold and helped us by their presence and prayers. The absence of our president, because of illness in her family, was a disappointment, but a loving message was read from her, assuring us of her interest and prayers. The theme of the day was the motto of the Society, "Ye serve the Lord Christ." During the twenty-nine years of the Society's existence nearly a million dollars has been paid into our treasury by the Baptist women of New England. How has the money been serving the Christ among the Spanish-speaking people, the negroes, the Indians, the foreign population, and in Alaska? What part have our Board of Directors and our treasury borne in the great work?

The hours given to these topics were taken by Mrs. J. A. Brackett, of Lawrence; Miss S. E. Johnson, of Brookline; our Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Superintendent of Alaska Work. The earnest words of the leaders upon their respective lines of work were followed by tender prayers. It was indeed a day of prayer. The address of Rev. F. S. Boody, of Somerville, was in line with the theme of the day. Strong, comforting, heart-searching was the message he left with us to take back to our work for the year 1907, upon "The Fulness of Christ." Mrs. J. G. Harris presided at the piano, and Mrs. Avery Shaw led the singing. Mrs. L. H. Olmstead with her sweet voice sang the gospel story.

We cannot afford to miss these days of prayer. The Woman's Foreign Society observed a similar day upon January 11th. Some think that two in one month are too many. We need more days of prayer in the glorious work in which we are engaged. The success of mission work depends upon the intelligent, prayerful interest of the membership of our churches.

The message of our Treasurer touched the hearts, as she gave bits of personal experience which come to her at her desk concerning the finances. Twenty-six thousand dollars needed to close the year free from debt, and provide for the summer months when no money comes from the Circles. "We must do one of two things, cut down our appropriations by dropping some of our work, or receive larger gifts." "We cannot hope for this large sum (\$26,000) unless it comes in answer to prayer." These were messages for us all, and some went away to pray for larger offerings for our beloved Society.

Are we as Christians praying for our missionary societies? We hear plenty of criticism of their methods. Large deficits threaten all our missionary treasuries. Are we praying for the Boards, for the treasuries, and for the fields? God will never do for us what we can do for ourselves. We need importunate, prevailing prayer from church-members for Christ's work, which He is doing through the missionary organizations.

During the days when the papers were full of the uprisings in Russia, a well-known Baptist minister was preaching as a supply in one of our Massachusetts towns upon prayer. He urged his hearers to pray when about their work, and on the cars. He told how his own faith was quickened by a remark of his wife, as he went into the kitchen one morning where she was assisting about the breakfast. She said, "I am praying for the Czar of Russia this morning."

A busy lawyer in Western Massachusetts, whose days are filled with professional duties, and his evenings with Christian work, told the writer that all the time he could get for the observance of the quiet hour was during his ride of fifteen minutes on the electric car from his home to his office each morning. We can find time to pray for ourselves, our home land, and the uttermost parts of the earth, if we have the spirit of prayer. What we need as a Society is effectual, fervent prayer from the women in our churches. May the Holy Spirit teach us how to pray.

Arapahoe Mission, Watonga, Oklahoma Territory

WHEN I sit down to write to the many dear friends of the East who sew and work and give for the mission year after year, I wish I could write each and all of you to come and spend at least a month on the field that you might learn for yourselves what the life is here. The first years of the mission we suffered many and untold hardships, but most of that is now past, and advancing civilization has brought us really into the world again. Though we live eight miles from town, we have the rural mail route and also a telephone in the house. Our five-room house is very comfortable and well furnished. Thanks are largely due for these comforts to our Eastern friends, many of whom we only know by name.

Having lived here so long, and been able to help so many needy ones through our barrels and boxes, this mission has come to be a centre for many miles around for any one, white, negro, or Indian, in any and every form of distress and need. These cases range from the extremely amusing to the most pitiful, from the love-affairs of the young people to the leading about of the old and blind, from the birth of the infant of any nationality to the death of the long diseased ones. We do not know an hour ahead what the call may be, but try to be prepared for any emergency that human or animal flesh is heir to (for they even bring their lame and sick horses to be doctored). I have a girl now to help me in the home, but when I am without help I never dare to set my bread the night before, or sprinkle my clothes, for fear of a sudden and necessary call away from home the next day. When the Indians go away from home they bring their valuables here to be stored, to keep bad white men from stealing them, so at times the mission looks like a regular second-hand store. The white people send to us for medicines and nursing where there is need of hurry, and often our simple remedies have availed till doctors could come, or when sudden death has taken away the loved one we could lay him out in clothing from the barrels, where the family are needy, and even furnish the necessary crape for the bereaved ones. The Indians come to have their teeth pulled, and I do it when Mr. King is not here, but must confess I dread the job. We have a good pair of forceps now, though, and I have never failed so far. Oftentimes the sick babies and children are brought to us to administer the medicines, as their parents do not have grit enough to force it down. Sick people of all colors send here for good reading, to pass away the many lonesome hours, so that we carry on a regular circulating library of books and papers, and keep them going till they fall to pieces. We appreciate a good Christian story so much when they come in the barrels, as they do occasionally, and this is a good way to dispose of your Sunday-school library when all at home have read the books. They come for nails, clothing, bandages, to borrow tools or coal-oil, to get a square meal or a chicken, eggs or milk for sick ones, but time would fail me to enumerate all the needs. To the missionary's wife usually falls the task of administering to all of these, for the missionary is

usually visiting among the people, holding meetings, teaching our interpreter, etc. Just now I have many calls ahead for things out of barrels; some need underwear, others cloaks, others stuff for quilts, etc. When the goods come I sort these out first, if there are any that suit the needs, and then save the rest to distribute when the calls come. I presume at your end of the line there are several ladies who do the collecting and packing for the barrels, but at this end it all falls on myself. I alone am responsible for the distribution of every handkerchief, collar, and belt, and after it is all over, — Christmas for the whites, Indians, and negroes, — along in February sometime, my collapse comes, and I take to my bed for awhile. It pays abundantly, however, for these material things help to reach the hearts of all, and so they are ever more than ready to listen to the gospel message, and many have taken their cross and followed Him who gave His life for them.

Now just a little about our Indian service of last Sunday, and I will close this rather lengthy epistle. It snowed heavily last week for Oklahoma, and then rained all Saturday night and was still raining in the morning. I scarcely looked for any Indians, though the Christians are very faithful in their attendance. It seemed to me almost too cold and dreary, but as my husband had more faith, I put on a big kettle of soup, and cooked rice, and sure enough by ten o'clock there were eleven Indians here for church. Some were on horseback and others had brought their wives and babies in big wagons, and driven five and six miles. One man was just soaking wet, for he had nothing but a shirt over his throat and chest, and the rain had beat on him all the way; all were more or less wet. They warmed and dried their clothes at the fire, and after the preaching had a good warm dinner, which they paid for themselves; took up a collection of eighty-eight cents, held an afternoon prayer-meeting, and started home late in the afternoon, still in a drenching rain, with only wet hay and saddle blankets to sit on. Though we have three Sunday schools of white people within a few miles of us, not a soul attended any of them, on account of the weather.

Mrs. F. L. King.

December 1, 1906.

Annual Meeting

THE Annual Meeting of our Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the Old Cambridge Baptist Church, on May 1 and 2, 1907. Further notice will be given in April number of ECHOES. We hope many of our Circles will send delegates. Be sure and keep these dates free from other engagements. Arrange the Circle meetings so as not to conflict with these dates.

AT the end of life we shall not be asked how much pleasure we had in it, but how much service we gave in it; not how full it was of success, but how full it was of sacrifice; not how happy we were, but how helpful we were; not how ambition was gratified, but how love was served. Life is judged by love, and love is known by her fruits.

—Hugh Black.

Wichita Mission, Anadarko, Oklahoma Territory

ON Christmas Eve we were with the boys and girls at the government school at their Christmas tree and programme. There were 150 boys and girls, and the chapel and halls were crowded with the parents and relatives of the children. What a merry time they all had!

On Christmas Day we had meeting at the Wichita church, and in the afternoon five young women were baptized. At night we had service again and our Christmas tree. There was a large crowd present, a number of Caddo's and Pawnee Indians being present also. Our tree looked very pretty with the gifts sent by kind friends and the little gifts the Indians had put on for each other. After the Christmas sermon the invitation was given for all who wanted Christ as their Saviour to come forward. One young man came and gave his heart to the Saviour whose birth we were celebrating. The meetings continued until after the New Year, and two other young men and one woman stepped out into the Jesus Road, making eight in all. One of the young men has been our interpreter for several months, and God has heard and answered our prayers — "that he might become a Christian." Since his conversion he refuses to take any pay for interpreting. God is blessing the work among the Wichitas and we believe has greater blessings yet in store for them.

Pray for us that we may be wise in directing them to a fuller understanding of the Christian life.

You asked about Towacona Jim in your letter. As you probably know, he is the leader of the Ghost-dance Indians, but has always shown a most friendly spirit toward us. We have visited in the homes of all his people and had "Jesus talks" with them. Last Thursday we visited him and his wife in their tent. He seemed anxious to know all about the Jesus Road, and while we were talking he broke down and wept like a little child. He said his little boy died last summer and he wanted that some day he might see him again. (When this little boy that he speaks of was dying he sent for Mr. Wilkin to come and pray with them.) We pray that it will not be long ere he will surrender all to Christ. He and his wife were going away the next day on a visit to the Pawnee Indians, to be gone three weeks, and he said when they came back he wanted us to come and have meetings at his camp.

MRS. W. A. WILKIN.

January 15, 1907.

ONE sometimes hears Indians spoken of as lazy, but here is an item that will give the Indian idea of laziness as exhibited by a white man. While a group of Indians were watching some construction work for a railroad, a bicyclist came along the newly constructed grade, having left his train at the last station. After he had passed, one brave said, "No good white man." "No," rejoined one of his companions, "heap lazy white man—sit down to walk."

Torreon, Mexico

Dear Mrs. Reynolds:—

I WOULD like to write a few lines for you to-day, and tell you where I am. I was sent back home to China to see my old aged mother, in 1903. I stayed home one year, have so much persecuted with them wicked people, but I am happy, and pray for them, and speak to them with kind words, meek and lowly, and tell all about our Saviour which cometh to teach us, and save us, and forgive us our sins. Afterward have few of my neighbours come to me and asked the question of Christ. I was explain to them, and they believe, and my family are all become Christian at once. My old, aged mother have been baptized at August 18th, 1906. She is very faithful. I pray God willing to help her be able to do the missionary work among our country women. I am in Mexico three year now. Because I was coming back to the United States, the commissioner do not let me in, they said I am wrong with my paper. I think they are wrong. I was in the United States twenty-one years, and alway to help the mission work. We have few Chinese Christian people in Torreon, and we have no mission and no school. But hold the meeting twice a week, at our room. I will lead the meeting this week. Our subject is, Studies the Life of Christ, Mark 5: 1-20.

Your truly friend in Christ,

TOM QUONG.

January 15, 1907.

Mr. Quong was converted in our school at Butte, Mont., and went to China four years ago. This is the first we have heard from him since he went away. Surely he has been an efficient foreign missionary.

M. C. R.

WHEN a chief of the Cherokees was asked why his tribe was so far in advance of the others, he answered, "Because we have taken care to educate our women as well as our men."

AN American tourist writes graphically of a journey he recently made by rail from Damascus to Amman, a point east of the Jordan nearly opposite Jerusalem, over the Damascus-Mecca Railway. This railway is being built by order of the Sultan of Turkey from Damascus to Mecca to accommodate the faithful Mohammedans on their annual pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of Islam. It was to be completed to Medina, the burial-place of Mohammed, in January, 1907, and to Mecca before the end of the year. For twenty years French and English companies dawdled over the Damascus-Haffa Railway. A year ago the Turkish government took possession and by imperial fiat the road was completed in a few months to its present proportions, through trains running and a steamboat line placed in operation upon the waters of the Sea of Tiberias. Truly the sacred places are being invaded and possessed by the infidel, but doubtless, in the divine purpose, for the hastening of the extension of His kingdom over all the earth.

What Was the Use?

"WHAT'S the use?" The minister's wife wrinkled her forehead and twisted her fingers in an odd little way she had when half-discouraged and two-thirds ready to give up.

"What's the use, Harry?" she repeated. "Listen! At precisely half-past two o'clock your wife will be in the ladies' parlor, ready for the home missionary meeting — and nobody else. She will fumble with her papers and books for fifteen minutes, and then Sister Brown will stroll carelessly in, moving as if she didn't really know if she was coming



MRS. W. H. HINDS, STATE VICE-PRESIDENT OF R. I.

there or going to some other place. At three o'clock, when we've just finished the weather and the general church gossip, Sister Green will bustle in with, 'Oh, I know I'm late, but you must excuse me! I had so much to do. Why, you haven't begun yet? Dear me! Next time I'll wait till half-past three. I didn't anyway know how to get away this afternoon, but I knew you'd be disappointed, Mis' Foster, if I didn't come.' Then we shall take hasty run over the weather and the gossip again, and her three-year-old Frank will be making life miserable for all concerned — that child absolutely cannot keep still — while Sister Green is getting seated and composed. By the time we reach the opening hymn Mary Gray will come in from school. I declare, she's the one redeeming tint in the whole color scheme of our church! She will smile and say, 'Oh, I am so glad you're not all through, for now I can get some of the meeting.' Then we shall go through the motions in the same old way just as we did last month, and the month before that, and three months ago. We'll have the minutes, and Mary will read something from the *Herald*, and Sister Brown will waken from her brown study in time to 'move we adjourn.' What is the use of it all?"

"Precious little, I should say," returned the minister, gravely.

"Then you think just as I do, that we'd better give it

up, don't you?" The question was an afterthought, called for by a curious look that came into the dark eyes of the listener.

There was a perceptible pause before the answer came. When it did, it was a surprise:

"I think, dear, there is a better way than doing things 'just as they've always been done.' You and I must stuff that part of it together. But you have reminded me of a story of my boyhood that I am sure I have never told you. It isn't much of a story, either, but perhaps it will help to answer your question. When I was a little shaver, about the size of Frank Green, my mother used to take me to missionary meetings because there was no one with whom she could leave me. I suppose I was as restless as a boy could be, and I have no doubt I made life miserable for more than one of the good women who kept alive the little spark of missionary zeal in that little country church. I played around, winding my way in and out among the old settlers — I can see them now — having a fine game of hide-and-seek all by myself, and all unconscious, even to myself, of what was going on. I cannot to this day remember a single thing that was said or done at one of those meetings. I only know that even as a boy of three I felt that, somehow, they had to do with great questions — questions that I could not understand, but that God knew all about, and I was certain that my mother was helping Him to make the problems come out all right. I know now that in these missionary-meetings small, uninteresting as they very likely were, there came to be as a part of my very self the conviction that when I was grown up, I, too, must have a share in the work of helping God.

"Dear, I honestly believe that I am a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to-day because my mother never missed one of those missionary meetings, nor failed to take me with her."

The minister's wife could not have spoken if she had tried. There was a soft caress of hand and lip, and then she went to talk it over with the Lord. And when she started for the missionary meeting that afternoon her face shone with the light that comes only from being on "the Mount, with the Master." — *Alice Gunsey.*



MRS. JOHN HILDRETH, STATE VICE-PRESIDENT OF W. MASSACHUSETTS



MRS. L. J. DYKE AND HER GIRLS AT MURROW INDIAN HOME

WE regret exceedingly that Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rishel, of the Murrow Indian Orphans' Home, have been compelled to give up the work. For fifteen years these faithful workers have managed the Academy, and in the change to the Orphans' Home they proved themselves equal to the new conditions. They need and deserve a long rest. Rev. W. P. Blake, for eighteen years in charge of the Seminole School at Sasakwa and Emahaka, I. T., has become the general manager of the Murrow Home. We met Mr. and Mrs. Blake some years ago at Sasakwa, when he was in charge of the school at that place, before the institution was removed to Emahaka. We wish him success in this important work. This Orphanage needs the sympathy and financial help of Christian men and women all over our land. Our Woman's Society is supporting two teachers, Mr. J. A. Dyke and Miss Susan Harsh.

The Old Cry

"THE Indians are rich, let them build their own Orphans' Home."

A writer from Atoka published in the *Daily Oklahoman* an article with big head-lines: "The Indian Orphans' Home, the Richest Institution of Its Kind in the World." The lands of the orphans were included in the property of the Home. The writer knew better, but he was probably incited by some of the grafters who do not want this home to save the children's property. They want the estates of the orphans themselves.

Those who know the facts know that not one foot of the children's land nor a penny of their money belongs to the Home. The Home is poor. It owns nothing but the land donated to it by the Indians and a little property in Atoka. It has no money with which to build houses or to improve the farm. As yet it has not been able to sell its property in Atoka.

It is true these children have land somewhere, but they cannot eat it, wear it, nor sell it. It is unimproved and brings in little or no revenue.

British Orphans Help Red Indian Orphans

THE *Christian*, London, England: Evangelist J. E. Wolfe, from America, writing from Glasgow, says: "I want to tell you of something remarkable. Last Wednesday night, accompanied by Mr. Beveridge, 'The Sankey of Scotland,' as he is called up here, I, upon the invitation of Miss Quarrier, spoke to 1,200 children, and perhaps three hundred adults, in their large, beautiful church at Bridge-of-Weir. The dear children were so interested in the story of our Indian orphan children of the Indian Territory, U. S. A., that not only did they give an enthusiastic vote of thanks, but contributed £5 towards the erection of our first Indian orphanage cottage at Murrow Orphans' Home. This was the first free-will offering received for that object since I landed on British soil. And, remember, this came from penny contributions. My heart was touched perhaps as never before over this manifestation of practical sympathy on the part of the dear orphans of the Orphan Homes of Scotland. God bless them!"

A PRESS dispatch on December 6, 1906, said that many of the Chippewa Indians at the Grand Portage reservation, Minnesota, were on the verge of starvation. They expected the customary allowance of pork and flour from the government, but did not get it. The following appeal was sent to the agent at Ashland, Wis.: "Does the government want us to die? We cannot understand how these things can be; we cannot understand why we cannot sell our pine, and we cannot understand why we cannot have some flour for old and sick brothers. God put us on earth to live, and he gave us the moose deer and fish to use in making our living." Should these starving Chippewas move to some place where they could procure sustenance, it probably would be termed "an uprising," as was the attempted peaceable migration recently of three hundred Utes from their barren reservation in Utah to more fertile land in Wyoming, where it would be possible for them to get food.

— *Indian's Friend*.

Rich Yet Poor

REV. J. S. MURROW, whose word is gospel among those who know him best, writes as follows in the *Indian Orphan*, the publication of the school which bears his name and was founded by him:

"Soon after the land offices were opened for the allotment of land in 1904 a Choctaw man living in the Choctaw Nation filed on five allotments in the Chickasaw Nation for himself and family of five. Not long after he died, followed by three others, leaving as the sole survivor and heir to the rich estate a little girl about seven or eight years old. This was a rich prize for the grafters, numbers of whom were hot after the guardianship of the child.

"The plum fell to a white man in the Chickasaw Nation who is the pet of one of the United States district judges, and who has forty or more other children as wards. This man told me himself that this little girl is rich and that he intended to take her into his own house and educate her as his own child. Her land is worth at least \$25,000 and the rentals from the several farms amount to \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year.

"Months have passed. I received a note from a friend, that if our home could get possession of the child it ought to be done. The child is boarded out at \$10 a month as a charity pupil in a school for Chickasaw children, is poorly clothed, allowed to run the streets of a wicked town with other neglected children and—in short, is growing up in ignorance, indolence, and vice.

"Now is this child rich? And there are scores, ay, hundreds, in the same condition."—*The Indian Citizen*.

A CONVERTED Indian describing his heathen state, said to a missionary, "You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and took hold of nothing."

When a teacher was talking to a youthful Indian about the patience of Job, under many kinds of trials, the child asked, "Did Job have to learn the multiplication table?"

THE cry for more room is heard from Coleman Academy, Gibsland, La. The dining-hall, recitation-rooms, and dormitories need to be enlarged. This school never seeks aid if the teachers and pupils can possibly do for themselves. Upon one Sunday in January, 1907, they raised \$1,081.15 for the new buildings. They are self-reliant and enthusiastic, but they need aid. They have not received any barrels this year, although three are on the way. We hope our circles will not forget this needy school when sending off the barrels.

MISS JOHNSON, our teacher at Indian University, writes from Bacone, Indian Territory, as the union of Indian and Oklahoma Territories will not take place until the constitution of the new State has been accepted by Congress, most of the pupils of the school are Christians. A series of religious meetings is planned for February, and much is expected from them.

America, the Hope of the World

CHAPTER IV

FROM PEACE TO POWER

Topical Analysis of Chapter IV.

I. The Great Conflict.

1. Missions on the battle-field. a. Christian alliance.
- b. Sanitary commission. c. Christian commission. 2. Results of the Great Conflict. a. Freedom of the slave.
- b. Reconstruction.

II. Woman's Missionary Societies.

1. First female organizations. 2. Missionary impulse among women of this period. 3. Our own society. a. Organization. b. Its first decade. c. Another ten years.
- d. The present period.

III. The Purchase of Alaska.

1. Russian America. 2. The transfer.

IV. A World Power.

1. War with Spain. a. Cuba. b. Porto Rico. c. The Philippines. d. Result of the war. 2. Other acquisitions. a. Hawaii. b. Minor acquisitions.

V. Immigration.

1. Numbers and nationalities. 2. Problems and possibilities.

Conclusion—The King's Business.

POINTS TO BE NOTED

1. The five general topics of this lesson should be memorized by leaders and members of classes.
2. In the period following the Civil War came a profound spiritual awakening and new religious organizations. See Walker's "Religious History of New England."

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Would the "Christian missions" have been possible during the Revolution? 2. Has the freedom of the slave aroused a missionary spirit towards the negro? 3. Was the origin of the Woman's Societies due to inventive genius or to a spirit prevailing in the life of the Church? 4. What effect has the enlargement of national domain had upon the missionary spirit? 5. The prevailing motive of the modern immigrant—is it higher or lower than that of the pioneer settlers? 6. Does this course reveal a development of moral and religious life?

WORK TO BE ASSIGNED

1. Appoint three members to represent in two-minute talks the work of "Christian missions" on the battle-field.
2. For a quiz: distribute cards with this question, "What do you know of the beginnings, history, and present work of the W. A. B. H. M. S.?"
3. Let the leader prepare a review of the book, tracing the missionary idea from the beginning and its marvellous growth during the past forty years.

REFERENCES: Encyclopedias; Histories by Andrews, Woodrow Wilson, Barnes, Gordy; Historical sketch of the W. A. B. H. M. S., by Mrs. McWhinnie; Poem, "After the Emancipation," by Holmes.



The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

THE American Baptist Home Mission Society calls upon all friends of the great home mission cause to heed its special appeal and give a special offering, in order that it may close its seventy-fifth year without debt, and go forward in its work unhampered. If only the real appeals of the fields could be brought home to our people, there would be no doubt as to the response. The difficulty is to make the demands real. The editor has just received a letter from an unknown correspondent, in which she says that, upon reading the editorial in the February *Monthly* "Not an Ordinary Appeal," and Dr. Edward Judson's article on "The Missionary Test," she is impelled to send ten dollars to help on the work. Another good woman gave the writer five dollars, saying that the last *Monthly* had made her feel that something must be done to clear off the debt, and while her gift was only a mite it would help that much. These two examples, if followed by ten thousand Baptists, would do the whole business and mean more to the cause of righteousness and progress in our country than any one can tell. Will you be one to increase your offering this year, as these two women did? If you cannot give as much, remember that the end sought will be attained if every contributor will do something extra.

RETRENCHMENT—empty treasury—debt. This is what it means: Said a Swedish brother in Boston a few days ago: "Can't your Society help us to the small amount of two hundred dollars? That is all we asked for." "I know it seems small, but suppose the Society has already assumed obligations beyond its ability to meet, how can it rightly take on new ones?" "That is true," was the sad reply, "but it seems so hard. The lack of this small sum will compel the closing of one of our little churches, and its work is much needed." That is a case in point. If the Society has to refuse such applications as these for the next year, many small struggling churches will be unable to sustain their pastors and there will be disastrous consequences, which none of us like to think of. Just imagine that you were a member of one of these churches, whose members were straining to the utmost to keep the work going, and depending upon the help of the Society. Would it not seem to you as though the Christians of means, if they only knew the circumstances, would come to the

rescue? Put yourself in the missionary pastor's place, in the missionary church-member's place, in the place of the men and women who give up everything to live and labor among the Indians, and ask yourself how it would look to you if means were wanting to maintain these vital interests. After thus getting the missionary's point of view, give as the Lord has prospered you.

YOU don't like special appeals? Neither do we. None would ever be necessary if our churches believed in and practised systematic giving for missions at home and abroad. Our haphazard way is all wrong. When every Christian is a regular contributor to church expenses and to missions, putting in the envelope every week and conscientiously giving, then the present unsatisfactory methods will cease, the amount of energy and money spent in collecting what should come spontaneously and freely can be put into field work, and there will be no lack. Strange, that in the twentieth century the members of our churches should be even behind the first-century Christians or the tithing Jews of antiquity in this matter of giving. When shall we get up to date in our methods of carrying on Christ's work in the world?

THE miracles of grace are to be found in every community and century. Out in Oklahoma there is a devoted missionary evangelist who for the years has been an earnest, acceptable preacher of the gospel. But at the beginning of the ten years, before the spirit of God met him, he was a saloon-keeper, gambler, and infidel, regarded as a hopeless drunkard. He is a living proof of God's redeeming grace.

REV. BRUCE KINNEY, of Utah, is going to visit New England pretty soon, and will be heard in many of the churches. Five years ago he became the general missionary of the Home Mission Society for Utah and Wyoming, and well has he cultivated his broad field. Readers of *ECHOES* are familiar with his pen, for he has more than once told them about Mormonism, with their evil system and methods of which he is thoroughly familiar. Mr. Kinney is not only a tireless worker, who has passed through pioneer experiences without flinching, but he knows how to tell of his field and its needs, and is a dead earnest speaker who makes his hearers recognize the force of his cause. Be sure to hear him if you have an opportunity. Mrs. Kinney is an invaluable helper to him in his labors.

DOCTOR MOREHOUSE'S suggestion that every church which has had the fostering aid of the Home Mission Society, either in the support of a missionary pastor or in the erection of a house of worship, should make a special thank offering to the Society to enable it to close its seventy-fifth year without debt. Who will lead in this movement? Such an offering from several thousand churches would be a most beautiful expression of appreciation of the Society's help in former days and would materially help in the removal of its indebtedness.

ONE of the diligent and effective servants of the Home Mission Society during many years has been Rev. D. D. Proper, D. D., District Secretary for the Central District, with home at Des Moines. Friends will sympathize with him in the loss of his wife and of his father.

AT the Arapahoe Mission four more Indians have confessed Christ and been baptized, and among the number was the old and famous chief of the tribe, Left Hand. He is urging his people to follow him, and has great influence. Then see what the missionary, Rev. F. L. King, has to say about the Indian benevolence: "We started the 'twelve moon' plan of giving (systematic monthly offering) and this little church, which has known scarcely anything at all of giving for the Lord, gave in pledges and cash for the year the sum of \$89.56." The moment an Indian is soundly converted he wants to testify and do — not a slight sign of a changed heart.

HERE is something worth pondering: In a town in Eastern Oregon the Mormons three years ago had only about forty children in their Sunday school, and now they have nearly four hundred, and have builded a costly brick tabernacle, thus securely entrenching their work. In the same town the little Baptist church is struggling along with no meeting-house, and seeks a loan and gift to enable it to secure a place for worship. Does anybody wonder who will hold the place of influence in this growing and important centre of a new population? The Mormons set us an example in some things, and it behoves us to up and doing.

President Meserve's Advice

APPEALS for work are constantly received by President Meserve, of Shaw University, and this is the way he deals with them:

"Very often I get letters from young men and women containing the following: 'I want to come to Shaw and work my way. I have no money. I am poor and dependent upon myself. Will you kindly aid me? and God will bless you. I am willing to do any kind of work.' In reply to all such, I want to say that we have industrial departments, in which instruction is given by competent, interested, and paid instructors. All students outside of the professional

departments receive instruction in industrial training without any extra charge. They are organized into regular classes. The time occupied in these classes and the classes in the other departments, together with study hours, takes up the entire day, and thus leaves no time 'to work one's way. The charges at Shaw University are very reasonable, and are only a portion of the actual cost. Were not thousands of dollars received each year from outside sources, the institution would have to close its doors. My advice is this, save up the money necessary to meet our reasonable charges, and then enter and pursue faithfully the branches taught in the various departments.

"Where there is a will there is a way."

The Young People's Forward Movement

MENTION was made in the February ECHOES of the new plan for closer cooperation between the Missionary Union and Home Mission Society, and the appointment of Rev. John M. Moore as joint secretary of the two societies for the young people. The missionary societies are the natural agents for the presentation of their own work, and the headquarters of each is the centre to which correspondence regarding particular phases and departments of their activities ultimately comes. While each organization, therefore, should continue to be the source of information and inspiration regarding its particular missions, it is believed that the general question of missionary education can wisely and with economy be presented and urged by the two societies jointly. Mr. Moore entered upon his work early in January, and has found a warm welcome and plenty of invitations to hold conferences, attend institutes, and make addresses. He is now devoting special attention to stimulating the home mission study class work. The subject of immigration and personal Christian duty to them has taken hold of our young people, and it is probable that "Aliens or Americans?" will be studied by an increasing number for a year to come.

As many readers of ECHOES will hear and meet Mr. Moore and be interested in his work, we give a good picture of him, so that his face may be familiar in advance. He is a pleasing speaker, with faith, ability, and enthusiasm. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1871, united with the church at the age of fifteen, graduated from Grove College, Pennsylvania, in 1894; was for a time secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Uniontown; was graduated from Crozer Theological Seminary in 1897; was ordained the same year at Wilkesburg, Pa., where he was pastor for almost seven years, until he accepted the pastorate of the Centennial Baptist Church of Chicago in 1904. These churches had large accessions during his ministry, and great increase in their missionary and benevolent offerings. While a student he volunteered for work on the foreign field, but circumstances beyond his control prevented his going. His heart is thoroughly enlisted in missions. We believe this forward movement means much for the church of to-morrow, so far as our denomination is concerned.

The Heart Plea of an Indian

THE following letter to the *Indian Citizen* expresses the feelings of the full-blood Indians exactly. It is truth put in the strongest style of those Indians who speak English imperfectly. And it is truth hard to get away from.

EDITOR INDIAN CITIZEN:—I want you to put it in your paper with steel. I want talk about my land and law what was like to me a mother. I want write in Choctaw, but I don't know how, and I going to try in English, but I know I can't tell it good like I want to. But I am mad, think about how my people treated by United State people.

Our old people before us bought from United State people this land and United State people he tell us you make you law and stay here long as grass grow and water run. But United State people word ain't worth —. Look like he think water-done stop run and stop grass grow; and sure enough he done stop it grass grow. United State people talk and tell you what he going do, but when he turn his back he forgot what he talked about. Just like little child talk right foolish; just like child afraid of Whip. When British France and Russia say "Here, you brake it treaty," and United State people say, "Mistake, mistake, we fix it that mistake," and he fix it right quick. But little tribe like us he say Congress can change it treaty. Yes, Congress can change it British, France and Russia treaty too, but he afraid. That reason Congress he don't change British treaty. That ain't honest, that prove it he coward. I like make trade with brave honest

man, but man he would lie and go back on his trade with poor weak man that can't help himself, is coward. He won't go back on man able like him, for he afraid.

Just like one white man like my neighbor. He got message from Tyler, Texas, message come tell him his mother most dead. And man he say, "I want see mother before dead, and ain't got enough money," and he say it to me, "let me have it five dollars, I pay it back to you next Saturday week when I bring cotton to gin I pay it back this money if it take hide off. Well, I got sorry for him — gave him five dollars. About 150 Saturday done come and gone — no five dollars yet. I believe he afraid take hide off. Well, that ain't right ain't honest. And government would do this ain't honest, and ain't any better than this man.

Now United State people tell in all treaty keep out whiskey and make Indian Territory state by it self. Now is United State people say they are good Christian people. Now will he stay with his talk after he done rob us of land — done took our law? Look like he would give us crumbs and give us state Indian Territory by it self and keep whiskey out. Indian drink whiskey he will take all his wife and children got and buy whiskey, rob his children whiskey, bad, make murder, steal, rob and all bad things and we don't want whiskey in Indian Territory. Because when whiskey sold here, and we tired to Oklahoma, white man kill man he going lay it on Indian just like some white man kill woman in Oklahoma, and two Seminole Indian drunk over to Oklahoma he put it on them two drunk Indian, tie them to



INDIAN GIRLS WHO ARE BEING TRAINED IN ONE OF OUR MISSIONS

big tree with chain and Burn it up two Indian, with no witness, no proof. I don't want put Oklahoma Government over me.

I want Indian and white man live here put under constitution and law to ourself because I know white man live my neighbor and he know me. Now will United State people do what talk to us before his God?

Now I go buy your horse and tell you I pay it next Saturday money. And Saturday come I say, "I done change that trade," and say, "I ain't to pay you but will give you two-bit dog." Then you say I was bad man and say it ain't right I do that way. Now United State people give us that what he said he will give us in that big talk he made to us; said give State Indian Territory by itself and keep it out whiskey.

We want it what you said you will give it to us; we don't want dog to bite our children and eat up bread but want it State.

Your friend,
ELI ALEXANDER.

For Whom Christ Died

THE editorial in the *New York Examiner*, which we reproduce here, gives a most impressive presentation of home mission claims, based on an impregnable foundation of gospel truth. Thoughtful reading cannot fail to stimulate sense of personal responsibility which will lead to giving according to ability.

We are not of those who incline to depreciate unduly the work our churches are doing for the furtherance of Christ's work among the people. That they are not doing all that they might do, were their members more spiritual, goes without saying. Deeper consecration to the service of the Lord would vastly increase the working power of the churches and the spiritual results attained. But, notwithstanding the low state of religious zeal compared with what it might and ought to be, these churches are doing a good work in their several communities. Consider for a moment what these communities would be were the churches blotted out, and all the gracious ministries flowing from them dried up; suppose there were no preaching, no gathering for worship, no Sunday school; imagine the theatre, the saloon, the gambling hell, the brothel, to be flourishing unchecked by the restraining influence of the organized assemblies of God's people: what sort of communities would they be for civilized people to live and bring up their children in? The churches, lax as their zeal may be, are nevertheless centres of saving influence in every city, town, and village where they exist. We are willing to concede their deficiencies, their deplorable lack of moral aggressiveness; but we maintain that, in spite of all, they are still "the salt of the earth" wherever they are found. Who, indeed, can measure the influence of even a single service a week, held for the worship of Almighty God, and the reading and preaching of his Word? The worship may be crude and the preaching mediocre; but the mere fact that both are concerned with the highest things, and lead the thoughts of the people for

a time away from the petty, sordid materialities of life, imparts to the service an immeasurable spiritual value. When the overwise philosopher directs his sneers at such a service, imperfect, even perfunctory as it ordinarily may be, he is deriding the one really wholesome, sweetening, uplifting influence in the community.

So we say that, admitting all that may be truthfully said in criticism of the churches and the ministry and the various agencies of Christian activity whose roots are in the churches, they are an essential factor, a *sine qua non*, in the moral life



ONE OF OUR CHINESE MISSIONARIES ON THE COAST

of the community. We defy any one to show the contrary. As a matter of fact, we have only to visit localities where no church exists — and there are many such in this land of ours — to find proof positive of the truth of our statement. They are places where vice is rampant, and where decent, self-respecting people, whether Christians or not, dwell only by the compulsion of circumstances.

THIS BEING THE INDISPUTABLE FACT, WE HAVE THE FOUNDATION FOR A HOME MISSION ARGUMENT THAT CANNOT BE SUCCESSFULLY ASSAILED. Oh, the waste places of our land where no "churchgoing bell" ever greets the ear, where no song of praise ascends, where no school exists for the instruction of childhood in the things of God! The appeal of such desperately destitute localities is going up to the ear of God. Shall it find no hearing in the hearts of God's people? We as a denomination have a special responsibility upon us to carry the gospel to every destitute community, because we have a purer gospel to proclaim, unmingled with traditional error, and a simple, democratic

form of church organization peculiarly fitted to the social conditions of our people. If any body of believers is called of God to do the work of evangelization in new communities, and among the strangers who are thronging ~~up~~ our shores, we are preëminently so. Our vocation is to plant gospel churches, modelled after the New Testament pattern, in every needy community. This is no optional service; it is divinely imposed, and hence imperative.

What are we doing to fulfil this "high calling of God in Christ Jesus?" Something — yes, a good deal. The individual churches, where they exist, are not wholly remiss in their duty, though by deeper consecration and fuller organization they might do far more. Our wisely managed Home Mission Society is doing a grand work so far as the means are provided; but how inadequate the provision! Here, in its seventy-fifth year, with a past of splendid achievement, and possibilities within reach of unimaginable service in winning "North America for Christ," it is halted in its continental ministries, and its holy activities threatened with partial interruption, because the means are not forthcoming to carry them on. "Never," says the *Monthly*, "was the necessity for pioneer missionary work more imperative. The beginning of things is the strategic time for the church and missionary. Facing this increasing and imperative demand for expansion on the frontier, for more missionary pastors, more churches, and more houses of worship, the Home Mission Society also finds itself facing a debt that means retreat instead of advance." Let us emphasize these words. They are true, true of the need, true — lamentably true — of the peril. The Society has been asking for a "Thank offering" of \$75,000 to commemorate its three-quarters of a century of achievement. It is threat-

ened with a deficit in its ordinary income! Is this right? Is it for the glory of God? Is it for the honor of the denomination which God has so highly honored?

Remember this: The appeal is not for the American Baptist Home Mission Society. If it were, we would not touch pen to paper in advocacy of it. **THE APPEAL IS FOR MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN for whom Christ died.** It is for the present and future citizens of this great democratic Republic. It is for our free institutions, blood-bought and blood-saved by those who have preceded us, and from whom we have received them as a "bequeathed trust" of priceless value. *The Home Mission Society is the agent of over a million Baptists for executing this great inheritance.* It is reaching out with helpful hand to many destitute communities, to the aliens who are coming, a million a year, to our shores, to the child-races within our borders. *Shall its band be stayed? Shall its missionary and educational work be hampered? Shall all the cogent pleas we have urged "unite in vain" to open the hearts and pockets of our people? We shall believe it when we see it.*

BUT IN LESS THAN TWO MONTHS THE BOOKS MUST BE CLOSED. A heavy deficit is threatened. What shall be done? There is nothing to be done in honor and in fealty to Jesus our Lord but to "make good." If a collection has been taken, *take another.* If it has not yet been taken, *let the ordinary offering be doubled.* Let direct individual givers give more than their custom. So, and so only, will the emergency be met. Let us remember what Christ has done for us, and as fellow laborers with Him help Him to do the same for others — those others, wanderers in the darkness and peril of sin, FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED.



THE GOSPEL-WAGON, PREACHER, AND CHOIR; ONE FORM OF PIONEER EVANGELISM

Our Little Folks

All material in the nature of communications, reports, etc., intended for this department, should be sent directly to the one in charge, Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, 36 Spring St., Auburn, Maine.



TWO OF OUR PRECIOUS JEWELS

"LITTLE birds, and little flowers, little diamonds, little pearls;
But the dearest things on earth are the little boys and girls."

Said a German writer, "The world will never grow old so long as there are children and flowers in it." We are very thankful for our Precious Jewels scattered all through New England, — thankful for their happy smiles and winsome words and ways, and best of all for the promise they give of becoming the children of the King, to do whatever service He asks of them. Ohio was very kind to allow us to transplant the two little children whose pictures we give above, — LeRoy Beede Breneman (4 years of age) and Lucy King Breneman (2 years), of Auburn, Me.

LeRoy's papa and mamma have hanging in their sitting-room an ingenious device in the shape of a curtain on which are pasted missionary maps and pictures, which attract the children's attention and arouse much interest.

LeRoy is just now trying to find a reason why some people pray to idols instead of to the God he has been taught to love, and his mamma says she has told him one very great reason is because Christian people have not told them as soon and as carefully as they ought about the God they should worship instead of the idols of wood and stone, such as we have seen in many Chinese homes and temples in our own country. You will agree with LeRoy, will you not,

my little boy and girl, that we must give many pennies and dimes and dollars to help send teachers and missionaries to tell the gospel story?

The following poem is one recited by a little boy in a recent missionary concert. Perhaps some one else can use it.

Two Pennies

[Adapted]

TWO beautiful shining pennies!
Bright and yellow and new!
Don't tell me about the heathen —
I want them myself, I do.

I want a top and some marbles,
A sword, and a gun that shoots;
A candy cane and a trumpet,
A knife and a pair of boots.

But then, what if I were a heathen,
With no precious Bible to tell
The story of Jesus, our Saviour,
Who loved little children so well!

For Jesus, you know, may be asking
This question of you and of me —
"Did you carry my love to your brothers
And sisters both sides of the sea?"

I guess you may send my pennies —
Perhaps in some way they will grow,
For little brooks grow to be rivers,
And pennies make dollars, you know.

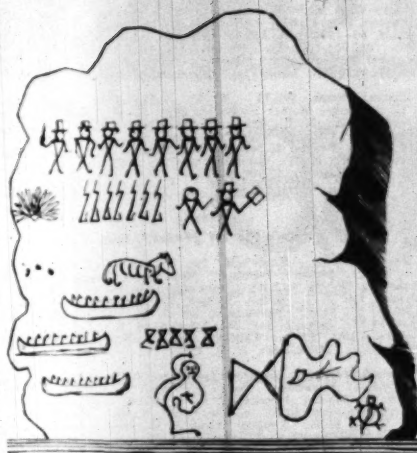
I'm not very wise, but there's one thing,
I think, must be certainly true, —
If little boys ought to give pennies,
Big men should give dollars — don't you?

— Emily Huntington Miller in *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

The Crows' Christmas

THE thirty-five Crow boys and girls of Lodge Grass Mission had thought, talked, and dreamed about a Christmas dinner for many days, and thanks to the kindness of several friends their juvenile hopes were realized. The Indian child's one joy is a bakery pie. At this dinner there was plenty of pie. That alone would have made them happy, but to add meat, coffee, cake, turkey, candy, nuts, and bread was enough to make their cup of joy an overflowing one. Could you have seen the radiant faces of these for whom camp life holds so little of brightness during the days of the year we are sure you would feel repaid, in a measure at least, for the gifts which made the feast possible. . . . Every one, from the smallest papoose to the oldest grandmother in the camps, received some gift, and a feeling of gratitude and contentment was voiced on every side."

Mrs. AND MRS. PETZOLDT.



Indian Picture Writing

LONG before the little folks of to-day were reading the ECHOES, we had the picture which we insert this month in our columns. It is of as much interest now as then. It is a well-known fact that the old-time Indians made use of picture writings to communicate certain facts or events to each other.

These writings were inscribed on bark or skins of animals, and sometimes were cut out of the rock and were always in a conspicuous place that those who passed that way might notice them.

If, when studying about the Indians, this picture, for instance, were placed on the blackboard and explained, a lasting impression might be made as to the customs of the Indians long years ago. This picture is a combination of two that occur in Quackenbos's "History of the United States" and the American Encyclopædia. These pictures were copies of drawings describing actual occurrences. In the history, page 23, we are told that one of the writings was on bark, and attached to a pole nine feet high by two Indian guides to tell its story to their comrades. Mr. H. W. Noyes, of Portland, Me., gives us this description of the picture writing which we have at this time:

"The canoes at the lower left-hand corner of the picture are represented as filled with Indians; each scroll coming up from the canoe is a warrior. The animal over the first canoe is a warrior. The animal over the first canoe shows that their chief, 'Panther,' is with them. The three dots in the form of an arch show that the time of the journey was three moons or months.

"The nine figures at the top are a party of white men as shown by their hats; the seven guns show that seven of them were armed, while the leader has a sword, and the secretary a book. The figure without a hat is their Indian guide. The white men are surprised around their camp-fire,

and in the encounter five Indians (shown by the five crosses) are killed. A council was held in the wigwam of the chief medicine-man, where they smoked the pipe of peace and feasted on turtle."

Rainy Mountain Echoes

WE are always glad to have letters from our little folks everywhere, — from the Mission Bands telling us how they are conducting their meetings, raising money, etc., and from the field showing the progress our pupils are making.

The following messages from Rainy Mountain School are very welcome. As will be seen they are sent by the pastor of the church.

RAINY MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.

DEAR FRIEND AND PASTOR, MR. HOWARD CLOUSE:—

I am now going to write to you, because you have told us to write to you and describe the Christmas tree. When we first came in we saw the Christmas tree, and it was loaded with presents, and then we had our exercises and recitations. After that you told us a sermon and we all listened to you. I always like to hear you when you tell us about Jesus. The next thing was when you told us about your Christmas presents when you were a boy. The Christmas tree was loaded with presents for every child in the school. After our exercises, old Santa Claus came in and stood beside the Christmas tree, and said, "A merry Christmas to all." He began to throw pop-corn and candy and nuts from his pocket, and then they passed the presents around to everybody. It took them a long time to pass the presents around. Then they passed bags of candy and pop-corn around, and every one received a bag of pop-corn and nuts and candy. That was the end of the Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Day, in the morning, the children were playing with their toys, and at noon we all had our Christmas dinner. After dinner we all went out playing, for our Christmas holiday, and we had ten holidays. I think that you had the same kind of tree on Christmas night at your church, and I think that it took you a long time to pass the presents around to everybody. I believe everybody was very glad to get a present. Well I think that this is all of the Christmas Day, I hope many were baptized on Christmas Day.

I am your friend and listener from the word of God,

LOUIE TOAGEL.

January 10, 1907.

Lillian Goomby, another pupil of this mission, grows enthusiastic over the pretty toys and dolls and silk handkerchiefs on the tree, and the roast turkeys and cakes and pies of the Christmas dinner. She says: "We are doing fine in our school work. I am trying my best to learn all I can, and I think every child is doing their best, and we all like to hear you tell about the gospel. I hope everybody likes to hear you tell about the gospel. I hope we all do nice in writing to you."